

# The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 45

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1918.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

## LOCALETS

The town pump is on the mend.

o o o

The Armada U.F.A. has decided to keep in good standing all members now on active service.

o o o

The Press would counteract a report that has gained prominence to the effect that the government was interfering with farmers who were plowing under drouth-stricken crop. There is no foundation to the report and we would advise all farmers to use their own judgment in handling their land.

o o o

For the lack of something more exciting the whole countryside turned out to hear the First Chance School-Foisia court case last Saturday afternoon. J. S. Mavor of Bassano conducted the prosecution and H.J. Maber of Vulcan appeared for the defense. Jos. Rodgers and W. H. Smith heard the evidence and decided that Foisia had made himself obnoxious to the extent of \$10.00 and costs, and a much more severe warning.

o o o

Mr. Moran left Lomond on Tuesday for Calgary and will exploit his good fortune in the northern part of the province for awhile. Joe will be missed at the ice cream parlors.

o o o

E. J. Lowe is back from the East and completing business arrangements before entering military service.

o o o

The Red Cross lawn social had to be transferred to the church on Wednesday evening on account of the cold wind. The band did duty for entertainment and the patronage netted the sum of \$30.00 for the worthy cause.

o o o

W. Macdonald has arrived from Calgary and opened law offices over the Standard Bank. Since the time Mr. Macdonald first visited the town a few weeks ago he has been through an attack of appendicitis.

o o o

O. Stone has been transferred to the Calgary branch of the Standard Bank, while Mr. Kennedy of Drumheller has been stationed here.

o o o

Elmer Jensen is home from Sarcee camp on leave, coming back with his father, who was up for the fair.

o o o

"Dad" Frownfelter and Duncan McPherson were among those taking in the Calgary Fair. Homer King and "Big Jim" were up for the auto races before leaving to sign up with Uncle Sam's Navy. Homer saw four years of service with the navy at the time of the Philippine war.

o o o

The Rebekah installation ceremonies did not take place on Tuesday night as per schedule, though the members spent a most enjoyable time socially

## ENCHANT HAS BIG DAY

Largest Crowd Ever Assembled on This Line Pays Tribute to Enchant's Hospitality.

\$965 Realized for Red Cross.

It is one thing to make a boast and another to live up to it, but we must all recognize the fact that Enchant sure is a town that does nothing by halves. The entire proceeding was the outcome of perfect organization and preparation on the part of the citizens' committee and everything passed off according to schedule. The wind and weather did their prettiest to draw the largest crowd ever assembled at any town on this line and the Lomond Band kept the people in good humor in between acts. The ball diamond was encircled by a line-up of three hundred motor cars so one can picture for himself the popularity of the day's event. On no account can any hold-up be held against the proceeding, yet close to a thousand dollars was banked to the credit of the Red Cross as the nett proceeds of the day.

Of course base ball was the main feature of the day. Enchant played against Travers in the first game, Travers winning out. The second game was between Lomond and Turrin, the latter team winning out 8-2. Individually the most of the home boys played good ball, but there were a few weak spots that fell to the advantage of the Turrin boys time and again. They were heavy batters and on the field seldom made an error. The final game in the evening between Travers and Turrin went to Turrin. For a time it looked as Travers was going to take home the money, but they blew out in the eighth innings and gave away their lead. The Turrin boys are a husky bunch and we are looking for a quick, sharp game when they play in Lomond to-morrow.

Roy Albertyson cleaned up the horse races hands down.

The Red Cross booth was pretty well eaten out through the generous patronage of the heavy crowd—but then they hadn't anticipated the appetite of the Lomond band boys.

The best that Lomond can ask is that the big celebration planned for fair day is proportionately as well attended.

to the accompaniment of real cream ice cream and cake. Towards midnight someone suggested a serenade on the newly-wedded Mr. and Mrs. Hanna. The implement warehouses were pretty well stripped of everything that would produce a metallic ring and the advance was made in mass formation under the capable leadership of Mrs. Adams. The attack was covered by the heavy artillery and the objective reached without casualties. The troops were very generously rewarded.

## Big Field Day at Travers July 17th.

Big Base Ball Tournament and Other Sports. Watch for complete program in next issue. Nett Proceeds Go to the Red Cross.

## BIG TIME at BOW CITY

Coolness of temperature rather detracted from the picnicky air of the consolidated school celebration held at Bow City last week. Just the same, the kiddies had their outing with a most generous supply of ice cream and lemonade thrown in. The mine management conducted those who so desired into the mysteries of the underground tunnels and the hall was thrown open for the serving of the lunch. The chief excitement centered around that marvellous exhibition of base ball. While we are not just exactly sure, we believe the score was 4-3 in favor of the singles. Moran and Swain each pitched a star game and Bob Plunkett was the only man that could boast of a home run. Moran's favorite ball was a regular fire-fly with a cork-screw drive and the opposing batters simply wilted away. Swain for the benedicts introduced a new scientific drop ball that through the combination of considerable wind-up and the laws of Newton bewildered the chivalrous developing manhood. The serious effects were felt the next day.

### Marrieds.

Swain.  
Witting.  
Chapman-Plunkett.  
Olson.  
Williamson.  
Donily.  
Couper.  
McKay.

p.

### Singles.

Moran.  
Lang.  
W. Shaw.  
Manning.  
Sokvitne.  
Moir.  
Mix.  
Root.  
Donily.

## LOCALETS

Miss Windle and Miss Horner of the Consolidated School Staff have returned to their respective homes at Okotoks and MacLeod. It is altogether likely that there will be an entirely new staff at the beginning of the next term.

o o o

Harry Rounds is away to Calgary this week on a business trip.

o o o

Miss Wilson is over from Champion spending a few holidays with her sister Mrs. (Dr.) Walkey.

o o o

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith took in the Calgary Fair, driving up on Saturday night.

## TRIVERS

Mr. Thies' infant child is very sick eysripilas.

o o o

Born, on Monday, July 1st., to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Evans, of Travers, a son.

o o o

Born, on Tuesday, July 2nd., to Mr. and Mrs. Arch. Bruce, of Travers, a daughter.

o o o

The Red Cross Society postponed the Strawberry Festival from July 3rd. to July 10th., in the evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hooker.

o o o

Jay Rickett and family have gone to inspect the Peace River Country. Quite a number from this district are making trips just now into that country.

o o o

Miss Badgley of the Ingleview school returned to her home in Ontario this week. Also, Miss Hamm of the Sweet Valley School has gone to the coast.

o o o

One of the largest celebrations ever held in this district took place at Enchant on the first. All of Travers was there, Travers playing in the finals for the big money. Some good ball playing was witnessed.

o o o

Mr. and Mrs. Bray motored to Gleichen for the holidays, returning Monday evening.

o o o

Mrs. Zinn and children are here from the States visiting her brother, Mr. Ulrich.

o o o

Most of Travers people are taking in the Calgary Fair.

o o o

Travers is planning a big field day on July 17th. A big base ball tournament is being planned along with other athletic attractions. The net proceeds of the day will go to the Red Cross. Look out for complete programs next week.

o o o

Born, at Yetwood on Thursday, July 4th. to Mr. and Mrs. Bride, a son.

## NOTICE

I have leased the section 35-16-20 and hereby notify the general public is hereby notified that any trespassers will be prosecuted.—Jos. Rodgers.

## Professional Cards.

W. A. MACDONALD, L.L.B.  
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR  
NOTARY PUBLIC

Office over Standard Bank, LOMOND.

HERBERT J. MABER  
SOLICITOR AND  
BARRISTER

VULCAN ALBERTA

## CHARLEY DELANEY FINDS MILITARY LIFE NOT ALL TO THE BAD

The interesting letter below from Charley Delaney throws the light on an interesting phase of the soldier's career, and you can see for yourself that army life is not the hideous nightmare some of our ever-talking friends would have us believe.

East of Winnipeg, June 24th.  
4 o'clock p. m.

Dearest Mother and Father,—

Well, we have just left Winnipeg. We stopped there about two hours and a half. They paraded us around town while the train was changing from the C.N.R. to the C.P.R. tracks, so I saw quite a bit of the town. Of course we couldn't stop while on parade nor we can't leave the train at a station at all. We are sure having a fine trip, tho'. We have a Y.M.C.A. right on the train (as you will notice by the paper) and they furnish us everything we need in the line of refreshments and smokes at about half price. You see there is no war tax or government tax on anything they buy, so that keeps the price down. Tell Duke I saw his old town, Portage la Prairie. We stopped there a short time this morning. Every town we stop at there is always a big bunch of people at the depot with smokes, candy, oranges, magazines, books, etc. We sure treated fine. I have addresses from every town I've stopped at, so if I write to all of them I'll be kept busy. I have not found out for sure just

where we are heading for from Winnipeg, but will drop a line further along and let you know. We have 14 cars on our, so you see there quite a few of us. Somewhere between seven and eight hundred I think. You should see us at meal time. There is a continual string of men going back and forth for two hours. Charley McFarland and Roger Wilkinson both tried for a pass before they left but could not get away, so I might not have been able to get away had I stayed at Sarcee. I am feeling fine and can't complain of any treatment we receive. The meals are good also the beds, and the Y.M.C.A. keeps us well supplied with paper, envelopes, pencils, song books, newspapers, etc. . . . Say hello to everybody for me.

Charley.

## Condensed Advs.

### COLT STRAYED

Bay two-year-old, branded on left jaw (J), bald faced. Kindly notify J. LaBlanc, Eyremore P.O.

### MILCH COWS FOR SALE

Two fresh cows, good milkers and gentle to handle. Apply to Peter Nord, Sec. 12-15-20.

### PIGS FOR SALE

Registered Poland Chinas with papers, eight weeks old. Apply to Harley Wilcox, Armada.

### FOR SALE

A good second-hand Chevrolet car for sale, or will exchange for cattle or

horses.—R. N. Moir, A. P. Elevator, Lomond.

### STRAY COLT

Light iron gray, about three years old, 1000 lbs., branded reverse five and quarter circle.—M. A. Gage, 6½ miles north of Lomond.

### STRAY HORSE

Bay, four white feet, white face, about 1100 lbs., branded SP on left thigh—at Max Orchard's farm, north east of Lomond.

### WANTED

—Man to plow sixty-five acres stubble land on S.E. ¼ 17-16-19. For particulars apply at Rounds' Pool Room, Lomond.

## Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

### MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer, Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

## Plastering!

I am prepared to take on plastering contracts in all branches of the trade. I guarantee a gilt edge, A1, first class job. Prices reasonable. See me before letting out your job.

J. WILLIAMSON,  
Lomond.

Remember the  
Lomond Fair,

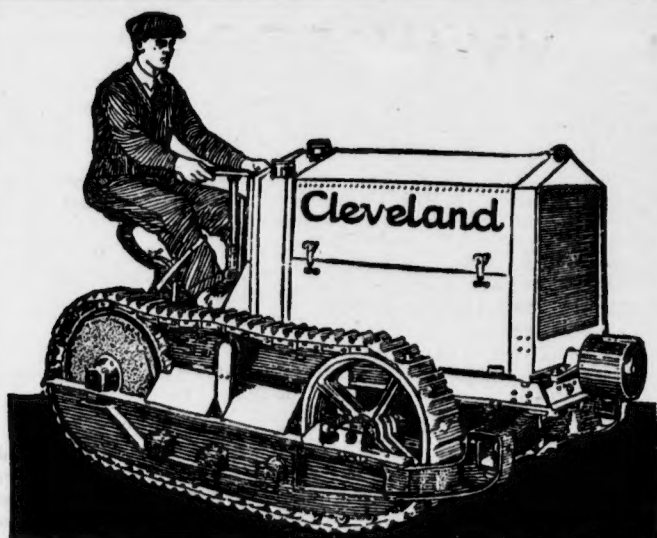
Aug. 6 & 7

## Farm Implements!

We have a complete stock on hand in the well-known "Cockshutt" Line.

Take a look at our Cream Separators.

DELANEY & ARMSTRONG



## The Cleveland Tractor

The "CLEVELAND" is daily demonstrating its rightful claim for attention from tractor men. In other words, it is standing the test in the field. Its motor delivers power in excess of that to which it is rated and uses the cheapest fuel—kerosene. Come and see it work.

# W. H. SMITH

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE

LOMOND

The Price of Coal for 1918 is Fixed

**\$4.50 per ton \$4.50**

The LONG BURN—STRONG BURN—CLEAN BURN—  
and MOST FOR YOUR MONEY

Road from the mine is kept always in good condition. Teams promptly loaded. Accommodation overnight for horses and men. Special terms made to deliver coal at the home.

PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

C. R. WESTGATE,  
Manager.

BOW CITY COAL MINE

PHONE: Bow City.  
P. O.: Eyremore.



# THE STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA  
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

TRUST FUNDS

Our Savings Department gives you  
a guarantee of absolute security and  
interest at current rate.

339

## LOMOND BRANCH

C. H. ST. JOHN,

Manager.



# The "SAMSON" Tractor

## Massey-Harris Implements



W. A. TESKEY

Agent for  
CANADIAN FAIRBANKS - MORSE CO.

### LOMOND DISTRICT

G. V. Couper is one of the many disgusted ones over the crop conditions, he having engaged Joe Leonard to plow down his entire crop.

o o o

Bob Plunkett had the misfortune to lose one of his best mares on Thursday.

o o o

Mr. and Mrs. Will Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Munro, the Finley family and Mr. and Mrs. Verne Davies motored down to inspect the big dam on Sunday. They report the saskatoons great and the dam worth seeing.

o o o

Well, that ball game at Enchant on the first wasn't anything to write home about, was it?

o o o

Mr. Rounds says that we won't have any rain till September. Aw, have a heart, Rounds!

o o o

Miss Flack who intended to leave last Saturday, will leave for Calgary tomorrow.

o o o

The Calgary exhibition did not entice very many away from this district, as many of the young men thought that the above city was too near France for them.

o o o

The hens are again on strike and to many (hens) the strike means death.

o o o

This is hard weather on buggy and wagon wheels and many of these vehicles no danger signals on them.

o o o

There will be a serious shortage of pasture this fall and winter if this obnoxious weather continues. In fact the stock on some farms is limited to slough grass, and this is rapidly drying up.

Counter Check  
Books and Loose  
Leaf Ledger  
Supplies at *The Press*

## GET LINED UP . . .

For Lomond's Big Fair on August 6th. and 7th.  
Big Program of Sports Both Days.  
Prizes Paid the Day of Fair.

## Hot Weather

UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY FOR  
EVERYBODY

"Holeproof" Hosiery ---- no holes for six months.  
That's the Guarantee and it's True.

All Sizes in

Black - White - Tan.

Men's Canvas Footwear  
and

A Large Variety of Men's Dress Shirts, Ties, Etc.

Panama Hats at - - - - \$4.00

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR BUTTER  
AND EGGS.

# Elliott, Argue & Co.

## The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.  
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, JULY 5, 1918

### NOTES

The latest example of our inefficient mail service was the non-arrival of letter sacks on the last train. Of course this also meant that there was no outward movement of first class mail matter on that train. We had hoped to outlive these pioneer arrangements but it would almost appear that affairs were getting worse instead of better. Why should this whole district be deprived of its mail service through the negligence of some minor official? It should be the duty of the authorities to compel the party at fault to make delivery of the letters at least in the most speedy manner possible. An auto would turn the trick and the general public would not be forced to hold in abeyance all business and private affairs for a full week at a time. This is not the first time this has happened but we trust it is the last.

The rains have not come and the greater percentage of crop area in southern Alberta has passed beyond repair. Only that land which was particularly well farmed is holding out any hope of a yield, and it is a surprising feature that any crop has been able to hold up against the continued drouth and the hot winds combined. Naturally the outlook has a depressing effect on business in general, but the public is accepting the outcome philosophically and making every preparation for next year in the hope that history will repeat itself, like 1915 for instance.

o o o

In your leisure moments sit down and figure out your average wheat yield for 1915-16-17 and -18 and then figure out where you could move to better your condition.

Get the Famous

"Maltum" Beer

from

Dad Cox

# Plymouth Twine

550 ft. to the pound.

Make sure of your twine supply. Orders taken now. Price, 27½ cents. Delivery guaranteed July 25th.

Associated Farmers, Ltd.

H. C. FICHT, General Manager

## Binder Repairs!

Look over your old machine. Pick out the broken parts, and where possible get the number, bring them in to us. We will do the rest. Our desire is to give you the best possible service. Your attention to the above request will greatly assist us in this matter. Do it now!

### Twine!

We are again in the market with "DEERING STANDARD". 60,000 lbs. sold last year without a complaint. What better recommendation do you want?

Drop in and lease your order for this season's requirements.

### Kaustine Toilets

We are agents for "KAUSTINE TOILETS." Require no water or sewer. Odorless. Sanitary. Will last a lifetime. Strongly recommended for the home or the school.

Easy to buy, install and operate.

## Axelson & Williamson

I. H. C. AGENTS

LOMOND, ALTA.



# "Semi - Ready" Tailoring



----can be bought from our stock and we finish it to your measure in a few hours. The price in the pocket----the same at Lomond as Montreal.

## SPECIAL

Tan, Willow Calf Oxfords, Neolin soles, rubber heels, the new recede last, worth \$7.00,

for \$4.75.

Every price we give to-day is a real snap compared to what they will be next year.



The "Harvard"

# The Frank Brown Co., Ltd.

### U. F. A. RALLY

A fairly well attended meeting was held in the Odd Fellows Hall last Friday evening for the purpose of re-organizing the U.F.A. at Lomond. Mrs. H. McIntosh was appointed secretary of the meeting and Mr. Ficht chairman. Membership fees are acknowledged from the following: W. S. Chambers, C. B. McFall, W. B. Manning, A. W. Tulloch, R. R. Saunders, C. F. Koch, A. Webster, H. Bennett, C. M. Holo, J. C. Williams, H. E. Elves, E. Benson, S. E. Armstrong, and L. E. Whipple.

Mr. Brown of Richdale was the speaker sent for the evening. He very ably championed the cause of the farmer class and challenged the action of the government on several important issues, but mainly those affecting the wheat market. Emphasizing the necessity for unity and organized effort on the part of agricultural interests, Mr. Brown went into detail on co-operative business methods, further illustrating his remarks by reference to the U. G. G.

Co. and their efforts to establish a foothold in the lumber and flour industry. He also drew attention to the fact that the farmer was slow to recognize the fact that it required a heavy capitalization in order to do business on a satisfactory and profitable basis. Mrs. Ferris gave a very interesting talk to the audience touching on the work the women of the to-day are interested in and what is expected of them.

A local organization meeting will be called at an early date.

### BADGER LAKE

Dan McAllister is home from the Hardwick ranch, where he was steaming for the dip.

o o o

F. A. Stephens spent the holiday at Vulcan, going out with his sister and brother-in-law who motored over on Sunday.

o o o

F. Bratton has been showing up fine in sprinting trials, at any rate he has

## Here For Business!

We make it our business to have what you want when you want it in Hardware, Stoves, Harness, Paints, Furniture, Crockery, Etc.

Let us Estimate on your New Furnace.

### L. H. Phillips

learned to respect the bull.

o o o

Mrs. Haynes leaves for B.C. next week.

o o o

Mr. and Mrs. Haley returned from Calgary on Wednesday.

o o o

Miss Gooderham left for Calgary on Saturday afternoon, the school now be-closed for summer vacation.

o o o

Everybody took in the show in Lomond on Saturday afternoon.

o o o

The following are the successful candidates in the First Chance School examinations:—Primary, Florence Trew, Eva Chambers, Esther Durand, Thomas Teasdale. Grade I, Alvina Shaw, Rolly Holmes, Anne Teasdale. Grade III, Hazel Booth. Grade IV, Lloyd Purcell, Aloysius McAllister, Mildred Haynes, Beatrice Holmes, Eric Burton, Alma Durand. Grade V, Forest Booth.—Miss Jean Gooderham, teacher.

Frank Wilson is away to Nanton on a fishing trip.

o o o

The Enchant ball team plays here on Wednesday evening next.

o o o

The new Amethyst school will be used for the first time on July 14th., when Rev. Bird opens his pastorate at this appointed. Special music is being arranged for the occasion.

o o o

Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell passed through town on Wednesday on their way to the Calgary Fair, Willie Teskey accompanying them as far as Okotoks.

o o o

The Midway people held a picnic at the school last Saturday.

o o o

### Lomond Fair,

### Aug. 6 & 7

## Give Us the Wink

When your Letterheads, Billheads and Envelopes are getting low.

The Press Job Department.



# **PUBLIC NOTICE**

## **Military Service Act, 1917.**

**Men 19 and 20 Years of Age.  
Harvest Leave.**

**Leave of Absence on Ground of Extreme Hardship.  
Procedure to obtain Leave of Absence.**

### **Men Nineteen and Twenty Years of Age.**

It has come to the attention of the Government that there is a widespread impression that young men of nineteen years, and those who became twenty since October 13, 1917, as well as those who may become nineteen from time to time and who have been or will be called upon to register under the Military Service Act, are to be immediately called to the colours.

This impression is quite incorrect. No date has yet been fixed for calling upon such men to so report for duty, nor has the question been brought before the Cabinet for decision. In view of the need of labour on the farm, it is most unlikely that consideration will be given to the matter until after the harvest is over, although of course the Government's action must be determined primarily by the military situation.

There is no further obligation incumbent upon young men of the ages above mentioned who have registered or who do so hereafter, until they receive notice from the Registrars.

### **Harvest Leave. \***

Some enquiries have been received as to the possibility of granting harvest leave to such troops as may be in the country at that time. No definite assurance can be given on this point as advantage must be taken of ships as they become available. On the other hand, harvest leave will be given if at all possible.

### **Leave of Absence on Grounds of Extreme Hardship.**

It is desired that the Regulations respecting leave of absence in cases of hardship should be widely known and fully understood. Such leave will be granted in two cases:— (a) where extreme hardship arises by reason of the fact that the man concerned is either the only son capable of earning a livelihood, of a father killed or disabled on service or presently in service overseas, or in training for such service, or under treatment after returning from overseas; or the only remaining of two or more brothers capable of earning a livelihood (the other brother or brothers having been killed or disabled on service, or being presently in service overseas, or in training for overseas or under treatment after his or their return from overseas); brothers married before 4th August, 1914, living in separate establishments and having a child or children not to be counted, in determining the fact that the man is the "only" remaining son or brother; (b) where extreme hardship arises by reason of exceptional circumstances such as the fact that the man concerned is the sole support of a widowed mother, an invalid father or other helpless dependents.

It is to be noted that in all these cases the governing factor is not hardship, loss or suffering to the individual concerned, but to others, that is, members of his family or those depending upon him.

### **Procedure to obtain leave of absence.**

A simple system for dealing with these cases has been adopted. Forms of application have been supplied to every Depot Battalion and an officer of each battalion has been detailed whose duty it is to give them immediate attention. The man concerned should on reporting to his unit state that he desires to apply for leave of absence on one or more of the grounds mentioned and his application form will then be filled out and forwarded to Militia Headquarters, Ottawa. In the meantime, if the case appears meritorious, the man will be given provisional leave of absence for thirty days so that he may return home and continue his civil occupation while his case is being finally disposed of.

ISSUED BY DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE,  
• DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.

# **O. Henry Stories**

## **III.—The Enchanted Profile**

By O. HENRY

[Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.]



HERE are few caliphesses. Women are Scheherazades by birth, predilection, instinct and arrangement of the vocal chords. The thousand and one stories are being

told every day by hundreds of thousands of visiers' daughters to their respective sultans. But the bowstring will get some of 'em yet if they don't watch out.

I heard a story, though, of one lady caliph. It isn't precisely an "Arabian Nights" story, because it brings in Cinderella, who flourished her dishrag in another epoch and country. So if you don't mind the mixed dates (which seem to give it an eastern flavor, after all) we'll get along.

In New York there is an old, old hotel. You have seen wood cuts of it in the magazines. It was built—let's see—at a time when there was nothing above Fourteenth street except the old Indian trail to Boston and Hammerstein's office. Soon the old hostelry will be torn down. And as the stout walls are riven apart and the bricks go roaring down the chutes crowds of citizens will gather at the nearest corners and weep over the destruction of a dear old landmark. Civic pride is strong in New Bagdad, and the wettest weeper and the loudest howler against the iconoclasts will be the man (originally from Terre Haute) whose fond memories of the old hotel are limited to his having been kicked out from its free lunch counter in 1873.

At this hotel always stopped Mrs. Maggie Brown. Mrs. Brown was a bony woman of sixty, dressed in the rustiest black, and carrying a handbag made, apparently, from the hide of the original animal that Adam decided to call an alligator. She always occupied a small parlor and bedroom at the top of the hotel at a rental of \$2 per day. And always, while she was there, each day came hurrying to see her many men, sharp faced, anxious looking, with only seconds to spare. For Maggie Brown was said to be the third richest woman in the world, and these solicitous gentlemen were only the city's wealthiest brokers and business men seeking trifling loans of half a dozen millions or so from the dingy old lady with the prehistoric hand bag.

The stenographer and typewriter of the Acropolis hotel—there, I've let the name of it out!—was Miss Ida Bates. She was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks. Some old timer in paying his regards to a lady said, "To have loved her was a liberal education." Well, even to have looked over the back hair and neat white shirt waist of Miss Bates was equal to a full course in any correspondence school in the country. She sometimes did a little typewriting for me and, as she refused to take the money in advance, she came to look upon me as something of a friend and protegee. She had unfailing kindness and good nature, and not even a white lead drummer or a fur importer had ever dared to cross the dead line of



good behavior in her presence. The entire force of the Acropolis, and the owner, who lived in Vienna, down to the head porter, who had been bedridden for sixteen years, would have sprung to her defense in a moment.

One day I walked past Miss Bates' little sanctum Remingtonium and saw in her place a black haired unit—unnis takably a person—pounding with enet of her forefingers upon the keys. Musing on the mutability of tempora affairs, I passed on. The next day I went on a two weeks' vacation. Re turning, I strolled through the lobby of the Acropolis, and saw, with a little warm glow of mild lang syne, Miss Bates, as Grecian and kind and flawless as ever, just putting the cover on her machine. The hour for closing had come, but she asked me in to sit for a few minutes in the dictation chair. Miss Bates explained her absence from and return to the Acropolis hotel, words identical with or similar to those following:

"Well, man, how are the stories coming?"

"Pretty regularly," said I. "About equal to their going."

"I'm sorry," said she. "Good type writing is the main thing in a story. You've missed me, haven't you?"

"No one," said I, "whom I have ever known knows as well as you do how to space properly belt buckles, seal colons, hotel guests and hairpins. But you've been away, too. I saw a pack age of peppermint pepsin in your place the other day."

"I was going to tell you about it," said Miss Bates, "if you hadn't interrupted me."

"Of course, you know about Maggie Brown, who stops here. Well, she's worth \$40,000,000. She lives in Jersey City \$10 flat. She's always got more cash on hand than half a dozen business candidates for vice-presidents. I don't know whether she carries it in her stocking or not, but I know she's mighty popular down in the part o' the town where they worship the golden calf."

"Well, about two weeks ago Mrs. Brown stops at the door and rubbers at me for ten minutes. I'm sitting with my side to her, striking off some manifold copies of a copper mine proposition for a nice old man from Tonopah. But I always see everything all around me. When I'm hard at work I can see things through my side combs, and I can leave one button unbuttoned in the back of my shirt waist and see who's behind me. I didn't look around, because I make from \$18 to \$20 a week, and I didn't have to."

"That evening at knocking off time she sends for me to come up to her apartment. I expected to have to type-write about 2,000 words of notes of hand, liens and contracts with a 10 cent tip in sight, but I went. Well, man, I was certainly surprised. Old Maggie Brown had turned human."

"Child," says she, "you're the most beautiful creature I ever saw in my life. I want you to quit your work

and come and live with me. I've no kith or kin," says she, "except a husband and a son or two, and I hold no communication with any of 'em. They are extravagant burdens on a hard working woman. I want you to be a daughter to me. They say I'm stingy and mean, and the papers print lies about my doing my own cooking and washing. It's a lie," she goes on. "I put my washing out, except the handkerchiefs and stockings and petticoats and collars and light stuff like that. I've got \$40,000,000 in cash and stocks and bonds that are as negotiable as Standard Oil preferred at a church fair. I'm a lonely old woman, and I need companionship. You're the most beautiful human being I ever saw," says she. "Will you come and live with me? I'll show 'em whether I can spend money or not," she says.

"Well, man, what would you have done? Of course I fell to it. And, to



"Well, she's worth \$40,000,000."

tell the truth, I began to like old Maggie. It wasn't all on account of the forty millions and what she could do for me. I was kind of lonesome in the world too. Everybody's got to have somebody they can explain to about the pain in their left shoulder and how fast patent leather shoes wear out when they begin to crack. And you can't talk about such things to men you meet in hotels; they're looking for just such openings.

"So I gave up my job in the hotel and went with Mrs. Brown. I certainly seemed to have a mash on her. She'd look at me for half an hour at a time when I was 'sitting, reading' or looking at the magazines."

"One time I says to her: 'Do I remind you of some deceased relative or friend of your childhood, Mrs. Brown?' I've noticed you give me a pretty good optical inspection from time to time."

"You have a face," she says, "exactly like a dear friend of mine—the best friend I ever had. But I like you for yourself, child, too," she says.

"And say, man, what do you suppose she did? Loosened up like a Marcel wave in the surf at Coney. She took me to a swell dressmaker and gave her a la carte to fit me out—money no object. They were rush orders, and madam locked the front door and put the whole force to work."

"Then we moved to—where do you think? No; guess again. That's right—the Hotel Bonton. We had a six room apartment, and it cost \$100 a day. I saw the bill. I began to love that old lady."

"And then, man, when my dresses began to come in—oh, I won't tell you about 'em! You couldn't understand. And I began to call her Aunt Maggie. You've read about Cinderella, of course. Well, what Cinderella said when the prince fitted that 3½ A on her foot was a hard luck story compared to the things I told myself."

"Then Aunt Maggie says she is going to give me a coming out banquet in the Bonton that'll make moving vans of all the old Dutch families on Fifth avenue."

"I've been out before, Aunt Maggie," says I. "But I'll come out again. But you know," says I, "that this is one of the swellest hotels in the city. And you know—pardon me—that it's hard to get a bunch of notables together unless you've trained for it."

"Don't fret about that, child," says Aunt Maggie. "I don't send out invitations—I issue orders. I'll have fifty guests here that couldn't be brought together again at any reception unless it were given by a king or a trust busting district attorney. They are men, of course, and all of 'em either owe me money or intend to. Some of their wives won't come, but a good many will."

"Well, I wish you could have been at that banquet. The dinner service was all gold and cut glass. There were about forty men and eight ladies present besides Aunt Maggie and I. You'd never have known the third richest woman in the world. She had on a new black silk dress with so much passementerie on it that it sounded exactly like a hailstorm I heard once when I was staying all night with a girl that lived in a top floor studio."

"And my dress! Say, man, I can't waste the words on you. It was all hand made lace—where there was any of it at all—and it cost \$300. I saw the bill. The men were all baldheaded or white sidwhiskered, and they kept up a running fire of light repartee about 3 per cents and Bryan and the cotton crop."

"On the left of me was something that talked like a banker, and on my right was a young fellow who said he was a newspaper artist. He was the only—well, I was going to tell you."

"After the dinner was over Mrs. Brown and I went up to the apartment. We had to squeeze our way through a mob of reporters all the way through the halls. That's one of the things money does for you. Say, do you happen to know a newspaper artist named Lathrop—a tall man with nice eyes and an easy way of talking? No, I don't remember what paper he works on. Well, all right."

"When we got upstairs Mrs. Brown telephones for the bill right away. It came, and it was \$600. I saw the bill. Aunt Maggie fainted. I got her on a lounge and opened the beadwork."

"Child," says she when she got back to the world, "what was it—a raise of rent or an income tax?"

"Just a little dinner," says I. "Nothing to worry about—hardly a drop in the bucketshop. Sit up and take notice—a dispossession notice, if there's no other kind."

"But say, man, do you know what Aunt Maggie did? She got cold feet! She hustled me out of that Hotel Bonton at 9 the next morning. We went to a rooming house on the lower west side. She rented one room that had water on the floor below and light on the floor above. After we got moved all you could see in the room was about \$1,500 worth of new swell dresses and a one burner gas stove."

"Aunt Maggie had had a sudden attack of the hedges. I guess everybody has got to go on a spree once in their life. A man spends his on highballs, and a woman gets woozy on clothes. But with \$40,000,000—say, I'd like to have a picture of—but, speaking of pictures, did you ever run across a newspaper artist named Lathrop, a tall—oh, I asked you that before, didn't I? He was mighty nice to me at the dinner. His voice just suited me. I guess he must have thought I was to inherit some of Aunt Maggie's money."

"Well, Mr. Man, three days of that light housekeeping was plenty for me. Aunt Maggie was affectionate as ever. She'd hardly let me get out of her sight. But, let me tell you, she was a hedger from Hedgersville, Hedger county. Seventy-five cents a day was the limit she set. We cooked our own meals in the room. There I was with

a thousand dollars' worth of the latest things in clothes doing stunts over a one burner gas stove."

"As I say, on the third day I flew the coop. I couldn't stand for throwing together a fifteen cent kidney stew while wearing at the same time a \$150 house dress with valenciennes lace insertion. So I goes into the closet and puts on the cheapest dress Mrs. Brown had bought for me. It's the one I've got on now. Not so bad for \$75, is it? I'd left all my own clothes in my sister's flat in Brooklyn."

"Mrs. Brown, formerly 'Aunt Maggie,'" says I to her, "I am going to extend my feet alternately, one after the other, in such a manner and direction that this tenement will recede from

me in the quickest possible time. I am no worshiper of money," says I, "but there are some things I can't stand. I can stand the fabulous monster that I've read about that blows hot birds and cold bottles with the same breath, but I can't stand a quitter," says I. "They say you've got \$40,000,000—well, you'll never have any less. And I was beginning to like you, too," says I.

"Well, the late Aunt Maggie kicks till the tears flow. She offers to move



"I am no worshiper of money," says I.

into a swell room with a two burner stove and running water.

"I've spent an awful lot of money, child," says she. "We'll have to economize for a while. You're the most beautiful creature I ever laid eyes on," she says, "and I don't want you to leave me."

"Well, you see me, don't you? I walked straight to the Acropolis and asked for my job back and I got it. How did you say your writings were getting along? I know you've lost out some by not having me to typewrite 'em. Do you ever have 'em illustrated? And, by the way, did you ever happen to know a newspaper artist—oh, shut up! I know I asked you before. I wonder what paper he works on? It's funny, but I couldn't help thinking that he wasn't thinking about the money he might have been thinking I was thinking I'd get from old Maggie Brown. If I only knew some of the newspaper editors I'd"—

The sound of an easy footstep came from the doorway. Ida Bates saw who it was with her back hair comb. I saw her turn pink, perfect statue that she was—a miracle that I share with Pygmalion only.

"Am I excusable?" she said to me—adorable petitioner that she became. "It's—It's Mr. Lathrop. I wonder if it really wasn't the money—I wonder, if after all, he"—

Of course, I was invited to the wedding. After the ceremony I dragged Lathrop aside.

"You an artist," said I, "and haven't figured out why Maggie Brown conceived such a strong liking for Miss Bates—that was? Let me show you."

The bride wore a simple white dress as beautifully draped as the costumes of the ancient Greeks. I took some leaves from one of the decorative wreaths in the little parlor and made a chaplet of them and placed them on nee Bates' shining chestnut hair and made her turn her profile to her husband.

"By jingo!" said he. "Isn't Ida's a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar?"

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#### Brave British Editor

##### Who Visited Trenches

##### Says Germans Are Beaten

**A**N article by Horatio Bottomley, the well-known English editor, entitled "Somewhere in Hell," tells what life on the western front is really like according to the testimony of a soldier who has seen two years of it. This soldier, Pte. Frank Jarvis, of the First Canadian Mounted Rifles, sent the article to his brother in New York, with these remarks:

"Horatio, during his short visit to the front, has certainly made a very good and accurate summation of the conditions under which our boys have been fighting for three years. He portrays the scenes just about as they really are, and, as you know, I have been among this sort of stuff for just a little over two years and should be pretty well able to judge his accuracy on the subject."

"Somewhere in Hell" appeared in Mr. Bottomley's paper, John Bull. In it he said:

"I know it is customary, when writing from the western front, to address one's articles from 'Somewhere in France.' But, after what I have seen during the week I spent there, I decline to be a party to such a libel on the fair name of our ally. Let me tell you some of the things I have seen and you shall judge the choice of my title—'Somewhere in Hell.' I have seen hell! Yes, I have looked through its gates and have seen the hosts of God fighting theimps of the devil. And — forgive the apparent blasphemy of the words—God is winning all along the line.

"I have seen 50,000 men in hospital—many of them writhing in all the agonies of hell—and no one complaining.

"I have seen the roads of France a mass of shell holes—roads which were once the wonder of the world.

"I have seen bridges and viaducts blown out of existence—except for, here and there, a few solitary piers.

"I have seen thousands of German prisoners for once earning an honest living by the sweat of their brow, and, afterward, being kept out of mischief in cage compounds.

"I have seen African and Indian laborers—and Chinese, too—helping to repair the ravages of the Hun.

"I have seen Naga tribes from Northern India chanting their weird songs, and even doing their wild war dances, in their rest hours on the battlefields where they were employed on salvage work.

"I have seen a thousand silent graves—hundreds of them inscribed simply 'A British Soldier'—on hill and mound—on roadside and in valley—where, not long ago, they who now rest there fought like mighty heroes for the right.

"I have seen the lads in the trenches.

"I have seen the places where towns and villages once stood—now no more than masses of bricks and mortar, and human remains.

"I have seen our guns playing upon the enemy lines.

"I have seen gallant airmen hurtling to destruction from the blue, and—heaven be praised!—I have seen the grinning and exultant Hun, as he came out of his trenches to gloat over their fate, mown down by our machine guns.

"I have seen the desolated towns and villages of France—every woman in black and not a man of military age anywhere.

"I have seen the German lines.

"I have seen and talked with German prisoners and German wounded.

"I have seen our wireless stations intercepting the messages of the enemy.

"I have seen wonderful women—

many of them risking their lives—in every department of war work.

"I have seen lords and laborers, peers and peasants, fighting and falling, and resting in silent graves, side by side.

"I have been in the first-line trenches—within 200 yards of the enemy.

"I have been in the reserve lines—which is much more dangerous than the first.

"I have sat alone with Sir Douglas Haig and talked of the great work upon which he is engaged—and have learned many things.

"And now for what I have learned. We will have the truth from the trenches, at last. The war is won. Germany is beaten. On every front she is weakening and weakening—and it is now only a question of the psychological moment to strike. That momentous decision rests with one man—at least, I hope to God it does. If the politicians will kindly keep out of the ring Haig will very soon administer the knockout blow.

"I know what I am saying. I do not profess to speak as any military expert or prophet. I say that which I have learned. I mention no names—I disclose no secrets—I abuse no

confidence. From Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief, right down to the rawest Tommy in the trenches, there is but one spirit—that of absolute optimism and confidence. And there is not a German prisoner who does not tell the same tale. 'Es ist fertig' said every one of them with whom I talked—'It is finished.'

"Another thing I have learned—and learned very thoroughly—is that the one person of whom the soldiers are apprehensive is the politician. Throughout all ranks there is a deep-rooted idea that when Germany throws up the sponge the politicians will evince a tender solicitude for the welfare of the vanquished foe by agreeing to terms of peace which will deprive us of all for which we have fought and bled. I feel it my duty to convey that message to the Prime Minister. I believe we have a War Aims Committee, and that it is already on the stump enlightening the people as to what we are fighting for. I have before observed that it seems rather late in the day to inaugurate such a campaign, but if he will take my advice I would urge him, with all the force of which I am capable, to issue a manifesto declaring in plain words, 'understanded of the people,' that we will have no official peace talk until our troops are in occupation of Berlin. Such a declaration would send an electric thrill throughout the trenches and would remove the only ugly feature I found there. Wherefore I pray that, Lord Haldane—who some time ago made a sinister statement that, when peace comes to be discussed, he will be 'heard of again'—and others of his ilk, may be told that their services are not required, and that Sir Douglas Haig may be assured that the work his men have begun, and are so gloriously performing, shall be finished to his personal satisfaction. There must be no 'next time!'

"Would that each of you could see as I have seen—could have heard as I have heard. One incident puts it in a nutshell. I was talking with a young university undergraduate. He had left his college because his King and country called him. 'Shall you go back after the war?' I asked. He smiled, and pointing to the scene around us—we were in the trenches—said, 'Go back? Isn't this a sufficient education for any man? I knew nothing before the war.'

"There you have it. Neither did I. But in one week I have had my education. I know all I want to know—of life and death; and those two words embrace all knowledge—and

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